

News and Comment
Written by Experts

STAR-BULLETIN SPORTS

Edited By
L. REDINGTON

Big League Stories

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

II.—SWEENEY TO SANGUINETTI TO SCHULTZ

From "The Ten Thousand Dollar Arm and Other Tales of the Big League"

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PART III.

In the upper stage box Sanguinetti and Sweeney leaned out over the rail, trying to get the third one from the end. Sweeney numbered thirty, for he was third, having played in the first on the train the night before. The scornful little lady counted the house and snuffed.

Out in the lobby Mr. Walker and the trainer maintained the eight lower bearing beams.

"The house is dark for the next song," said the press agent, "and that's the time we'd better herd the monks into their positions. She lights up right after the moon song for the first of the act. Now, let's see—four monks to one side and four to the other, and you're to send 'em down with the flowers after the third curtain call. The newspaper men are all down in front."

"Did you give 'em my picture?" asked the trainer anxiously.

"Forest thing you know," lied Harry G. Gilly. "They'll probably want to interview you afterward." They did too.

"All right," said the trainer, "All right! Hup! You, Bartling Nelson, quit that!"

Bartling Nelson, a blond baboon with a blue face and pink whiskers, showed his teeth in a deprecatory smile, and the procession began to move.

The lights were low when the flower bearers entered the auditorium. The stage was deserted, save for a very big woman with a very little voice, who was singing a song to a greenish property man. The house was absolutely quiet save for the vocal struggles of the large lady upon the stage.

At that very moment John Smith, dressed in pink flannels and purple socks, arose with a snort and a gurgle. He jerked his head about to make sure of his surroundings, and in the shadowy gloom of the place his astounded eyes rested upon a solemn procession of dog-faced apes with bouquets in their hands. The baboons were passing along the runway behind the last row of seats, and they were so close that John Smith might have touched them.

Now, every one knows that when a man is accustomed to pink flannels and purple socks, baboons with roses in their hands are a terrible shock to his nervous system.

John Smith leaped to his feet with a hoarse howl of terror, and even as he yelled he launched a tremendous kick at the baboon nearest to him.

When everything happened at once. You can kick a baboon if you see him first, but you cannot make him like it. A baboon is sensitive. He doesn't look it, but you never can tell from the color of a baboon's face what his disposition may be.

Two baboons and three others hurt themselves upon John Smith, who began to fight like a madman, screaming at the top of his voice. Those in the back of the house had jumped to their feet with the first yell. Now Smith's cries were mixed with the chattering and barking of the eight baboons.

Down in front a woman began to scream hysterically. It was her voice which stamped the six baboons who had up to that point taken no part in the battle. One of the brutes sprang upon the railing and started for the footlights over the heads of the people, and as he went he used his chest of American Beauties as a club. The other baboons followed him, shrieking and chattering like crazy things. One baboon would have been enough to create a disturbance; eight of them complicated the situation somewhat.

A panic resulted. Men and women were swept out of their seats and carried in a wave toward the front of the house. The aisles were full of struggling, screaming human beings, and behind them came the baboons, like hairy furies.

From their seats in the upper box Sanguinetti and Sweeney could not see what was causing the excitement. They saw only the panic swirling down the aisles toward the orchestra pit.

"Hell's loose in the back of the house!" shouted Sweeney above the clamor. "Let's jump down on the stage and beat it out of the back door!"

"You said it for me!" yelled Sanguinetti excitedly.

Just then the scornful little lady called attention to her presence with a succession of piercing screams.

"Mamma, mamma!" she wailed.

"We can't leave this poor kid here," said Sweeney. "Got to take her along somehow."

He picked the child up in his arms, and she clung to him, still screaming with fright.

"It's all right now," said Sweeney. "It's all right. Cheese on the noise, little one. We'll get you to your mamma, Herman."

"Got us?" demanded the big German.

"Herman, you jump down on the stage. Sanguinetti, you drop into the box below here. I'll pass the kid along to you and you toss her to Schultz. I'll follow. Quick, now!"

It was the commanding officer speaking, and like trained soldiers, Schultz and Sanguinetti obeyed. By this time the uproar in the back of the house had begun to subside, but the sight of two men leaping from an upper stage box did not tend to restore public confidence.

One of the men had jumped on the stage. A third man appeared in an upper box with a child clasped in his arms.

"Now then," he yelled, "Sweeney to Sanguinetti to Schultz. All set?" Sanguinetti braced himself against the rail below.

"Shoot her along," he cried. Sweeney leaned far out over the railing, with the screaming, screaming child balanced in his muscular hands.

A loud shout of protest went up from the mass of humanity jammed into the boxes. Sweeney gauged distance and drop with a practiced eye, and the yell of warning changed to a gasp as the little white bundle flashed downward. Sanguinetti caught the child deftly about the tiny waist and, with one swing of his powerful shoulders, sent her flying over the footlights to Schultz.

And that put the finishing touch to the panic for it showed the crowd a way out of the place. In less than ten seconds the stage was black with scurrying people, and when the curtain came down hundreds tried to fight their way through it. Sweeney, Sanguinetti and Schultz trooped down an alley, chuckling to themselves.

"And nobody but us could have done it so slick," said Sweeney. "I wonder how you'd score that play?"

"They foned out in the morning," said Sweeney. "You might think that an affair of that sort would give a press agent pause as to speak."

Nothing of the kind. Harry G. Walker needed an alibi badly, also a scapegoat, and fate sent him three of the best little scapegoats that ever went bleating into the winner's net.

In some subtle way, known only to press agents and diplomats, Walker contrived to cast most of the blame for the entire affair upon the battle-scarred shoulders of Sweeney, Sanguinetti and Schultz.

Y-e-e-s; he admitted that there had been a trifling disturbance in the back of the house, but that was nothing. It would have blown over in a minute and the people would have gone back to their seats but for the melodramatic horseplay introduced by three rowdy ball players who belonged to a visiting team.

"They're bad fellows," explained Walker to the newspaper men. "They're always getting soused and creating a row. Look up their records if you don't believe me. Why, they might have killed that poor little kid, throwing her around like that. Her mother is going to sue for heavy damages—shock to the kid's nervous system and all that sort of thing. And there wasn't any excuse. Hand it to 'em good and plenty!"

Johnny Moore read all the papers every morning in bed.

This was one of the front page headlines which greeted him:

ROWDY BALL PLAYERS CREATE PANIC IN THEATER!

This was another:

SWEENEY, SANGUINETTI AND SCHULTZ AGAIN GO ON A RAMPAGE!

And this was the way one of the articles began:

Not content with their rowdy conduct on the diamond, three ball players named Sanguinetti, Schultz and Sweeney last night broke up a performance of "The Cited Lily" and endangered hundreds of precious lives. As a result several suits for heavy damages may be filed.

Reputation can be a fearsome thing at times.

SARGENT SCHOOL TEAM LOSES TO PUN RESERVES

In a ragged but enjoyable game the Punahou academy reserves defeated the Sargent Travel School team yesterday afternoon on Alexander Field by the score of 16-8. The invaders were just off the steamer and it was the fourth inning before they were back on their land legs.

The academics took a flying start and scored four runs in the first frame. They continued to put runs across and were not in danger during any part of the contest. Austin, twirled for the Punahou team and was well supported by Wadsworth on the receiving end and the rest of the fielders.

Clifton was on the mound for the Sargents and considering the fact that he has not seen land for 10 days he did unusually well. The men on the diamond were right there while the outfielders held down their places in a first class fashion.

No scoring was done by the Travel team until the fourth inning when two hits netted them two runs. In the next round they brought in another run but did not score again until the eighth when a home run by Gwynnery brought in four runs and a couple of walks totaled the Sargents five.

On the other side of the score books runs were marked for every frame except the fifth when the travelers got down to work and held the Puna.

The summary follows:

Pun. A. Runs	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9	
Base hits	4 1 3 1 0 3 2 4	—18
Sar. T. Runs	0 0 0 2 1 0 0 5 0	—8
Base hits	0 0 0 2 1 0 0 5 0	—8

The line-ups: Punahou—Austin P. Wadsworth c. Shoon 1b. Hind 2b. Woods 3b. Mott-Smith ss. Malone and Damon lf. O'Dowds cf. Brown rf.

Sargent Travel School—Clifton P. Loud c. Gwynnery 1b. Moore 2b. Keith 3b. Radtke ss. Shirk lf. Chambers cf. Barrett rf.

MAUI HORSEMEN ARE PREPARING FOR BIG TIME THIS SEASON

Things are living up down on the Kahului track. All traces of the recent deluge are fast disappearing, and the course drying up nicely and becoming firm and solid once more. Two men are hard at work repairing fences and putting everything in good order. A string of four horses arrived at the track Monday, sent down by L. von Tempelky of the Hawaiian ranch. They are in charge of Ben Roland, an imported jockey, who will ride them. Ben Roland is not altogether a stranger in these parts, having been here several times before to attend the big meet at Kahului. Maui Boy is also on deck and in safe hands, being trained by the old veteran, Tommy Patterson, who so successfully trained a string of polo ponies for F. Baldwin some time back. Most of the stalls already in use have been screened and made mosquito proof. There are at present fourteen horses on the track, and about eight more are expected within a week, with Oahu and Hawaii still to be heard from.

In sporting circles it is rumored that Mr. L. D. Warren will send up a string of horses in charge of the well-known jockey and horse trainer Carlo Leonard. Some Maui sports, recently returned from Honolulu, report Welcome Boy, belonging to Tom Hollinger, in splendid condition and taken good care of by Joe Reddy. Tom Hollinger feels the pulse is as good as his already, and all he has to do is to come and get it. The owner of Harold D. informed some of our citizens that he would in all probability send his horse up to make the 2:15 class race. Mr. Joe Silva may be right, that is, if we let him—Maui Times.

Before Sweeney, Sanguinetti and Schultz rolled out of their beds in the morning the fate of the International alliance was sealed. They rolled out when Johnny Moore sent for them, and they went up to the managerial carpet with clear consciences. They had not seen the morning papers, but Johnny shook them at the culprits as they entered.

When the manager got through frothing at the mouth the defendants began to talk to him all at the same time.

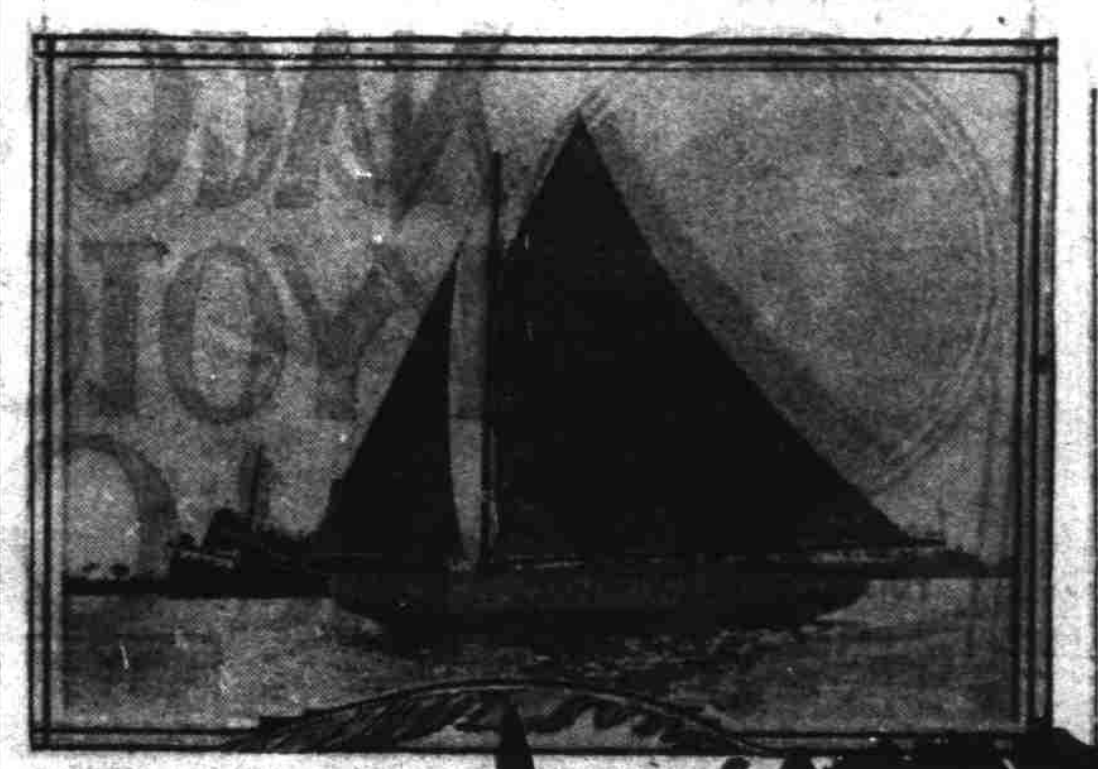
"A-b-b-h, shut up!" snapped the manager. "Think you can play me for a sucker all the time? This is where I've got you with the goods! I'm going to split this combination so far apart that no two of you will ever be together again. That's what I'm going to do. I wish they had a baseball league in China!"

Considering the limitations of organized baseball, Moore did fairly well. Sweeney went to Boston, Sanguinetti went to Chicago and poor old Schultz remained with the Mudhens. Moore said that Schultz would have been all right but for Sweeney and Sanguinetti.

And all, mind you, for an act of pure heroism.

It doesn't seem right even to this day.

Honolulu Yacht Club to Open 1914 Racing Season Tomorrow



THE YACHT GLADYS.

A chummy program of sailing races on Pearl Harbor waters will open the 1914 season for the Honolulu Yacht Club tomorrow. Members and their friends expect to turn out in force, and the land side of the day's entertainment is attracting quite as much attention as the water sport.

A basket picnic has been planned by the club management to be held at the Peninsula where, among other things, an orchestra of 15 will furnish music for dancing.

The feature event of the yachtsmen will be the free-for-all opening race, in which the Gladys, Kamehameha, La Poloma, Hawaii, Helene, Charlotte C., Princess, Florence, Elizabeth, Strand, Virginia, Barbara P., Debbie L., Pearl, Ivy and Pau are scheduled to start under proper handicap ratings.

After the races, the yachts will be at the disposal of the club's guests for short cruises during the afternoon.

PITCHERS BEING BATTED HARD IN INDOOR LEAGUE

Battling averages in the Y. M. C. A. indoor baseball league, which have just been committed to date by Scorer Larimer, show Gomez of the P. B. C. team in the lead with .515. Dwight of the victorious Healanhs has an average of .600, which gives him second place.

Third place goes to Gilliland, the slinger of the Triangles team who hit for .558. Averages in the indoor game run higher than outdoors where the pitchers have more on the batter. The "Y" league pitchers are improving somewhat, however, and it is likely that batting averages will be lowered during the closing games.

G	AB	R	H	Pct
Gomez (P)	3	18	6	.615
Dwight (H)	4	25	15	.600
Gilliland (T)	4	17	10	.588
Keefe (H)	5	30	11	.500
Phillips (P)	3	14	4	.750
Trask (H)	5	29	14	.483
R. Tinker (H)	5	31	10	.419
C. Tinker (H)	5	29	11	.414
Raseman (T)	4	17	7	.412
Cross (P)	3	8	2	.375
Ferreira (P)	3	11	5	.454
Cannon (H)	5	31	13	.415
Rodriguez (P)	3	12	4	.333
Franks (P)	3	13	4	.308
Melnecke (T)	4	14	3	.286
Mellin (P)	3	14	8	.286
J. Nott (H)	5	25	9	.280
Santos (P)	3	12	4	.250
Serrao (P)	2	8	0	.250
Gunn (T)	4	17	4	.235
Rawlins (T)	4	10	2	.200
O. P. Soares (P)	1	5	0	.200
E. V. Soares (P)	1	5	0	.200
Suhm (T)	3	11	4	.192
Schulz (T)	3	11	4	.191
Switt (H)	2	9	1	.100
Rowat (T)	2	6	1	.100
Nott (T)	2	7	0	.000
Enos (T)	1	3	0	.000

*H—Healanhs; T—Triangles; P—P. B. C.

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KAM SENIORS LOSE GAME TO THE FACULTY

In a very exciting game of baseball pulled off on the Kam athletic field yesterday afternoon before a large crowd of both faculty and students, the faculty baseball nine managed to win out from the senior class team by a narrow margin. The score at the end of the ninth inning stood 11-10 in favor of the faculty.

During the game many sensational plays were seen and the rooting was far above that seen in the interschool athletic games. The senior girls were out with some new yells, and in spite of their team losing they were not out with some new yells.

One slight accident happened when in the ninth inning the faculty

baseball nine, in the ninth inning, when a senior named four hits which brought five men over the plate. Up to this time he had sent ten men to the bench by the strike-out route. Manoha, who twirled for the seniors, was touched for six hits and his support was wobbly. Mengal, the oldest player on the faculty nine, was the star of the day with the stick, batting four times and netting four hits.

The senior team with the score 11-5 against it in the ninth inning rallied and scored five runs in their last inning, just losing by one run. Frank Shipman, at third, played a star game for the losers.

The lineup and score is as follows: Senior—Koani, c; Manoha, p; Kawas, 1b; Napihas, 2b; F. Shipman, 3b; McKinney, ss; Spencer, lf; Awana, cf; Kahanamoku, rf.

Faculty—Andrus, c; Brewer, p; French, 1b; Bartlett, 2b; Borden, 3b; Hopwood, ss; Mengal, lf; Benjamin, cf; Hottendorf, rf.

Score by innings:

Seniors	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9	
Faculty	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9	—11

Struck out by Brewer, 11; Manoha, 6; Koani, 1. Double plays, Napihas, McKinney-Kawas. Umpires, A. Corree and J. Shipman. Scorer, P. L. Horne.

COMPANY G PRIVATES WIN FROM "NON-COMS"

The privates and non-coms of company G 1st Infantry played an exciting ball game at Schofield Barracks Thursday afternoon last. Three runs in the fourth frame turned the trick for the privates, who helped the runs across with three clean hits. The final score was 3 to 2, and many "big league" games played at the post have been less interesting.

Lajone pitched for the winners and Farnocky for the losers. Each was touched for five hits.

Score by innings:

Privates	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9	
Non-coms	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9	—2

Base hits—Privates 10, Non-coms 5.

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Base hits—Privates 10, Non-coms 5.

KELOS TO PLAY ALL GAMES AT MOILILI FIELD

All the games played by the Kelo University team during its Hawaiian sojourn will be at Moilili. This was decided yesterday afternoon at a meeting of the Oahu League, when H. G. Lowry, lessee of the Moilili grounds, submitted an offer which was considerably lower than his original demand of 25 per cent of the gross for the use of the grounds. As Athletic Park is not ready for play, neither stands nor grounds being completed, all idea of switching the games to the down-town grounds was abandoned. A committee was named, with Mr. Lowry as chairman, to make a deal with the Kelo team, and the team was averted.

Another game has been added to the Kelo schedule, and Monday afternoon the Japanese collection will try conclusions with the 2nd Infantry team at Moilili. Lieutenant Lyman's soldier aggregation has had plenty of practice during the past week, and expects to take the Kelo number. On the other hand, the Japanese players, encouraged by an easy victory over the Coast Defense in the initial game last Wednesday, are figuring on a run of straight wins during their stay.

In an article in the Century on "The Celtic Tide," Professor Edward Alworth Ross, in comparing alien strains in this country, makes the curious assertion that "those of Irish blood are far from manning their share of the responsible posts in American society." This sweeping generalization runs counter to the prevailing opinion.

Merely to start the roll call, the governor of New York is of Irish blood. So is the mayor of the city of New York. So is the junior United States senator from New York and so is the collector of the port of New York. Surely these are all responsible posts. The governor of Massachusetts, the mayor of Boston, whose term expired last month, and the present mayor are Irish. The junior United States senator from New Jersey is Irish. So is the governor of Illinois and so is the secretary to the president.

Both the cardinals of the Catholic church in this country are Irish, and the list of Irish in high places might be extended indefinitely.

If the Irish are so "manning their share of the responsible posts," as professor Ross complains, what is their share?—New York World.

CONVICT ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE; IS DROWNED

(By Latest Mail)
SACRAMENTO.—Raymond Alonzo, a convict in Folsom prison serving five years from San Bernardino on a charge of grand larceny, was drowned in the American river as he was making a spectacular attempt to escape. He lost his life in the rapids just below the prison.

Alonzo, with another prisoner was steering a sand barge across the river